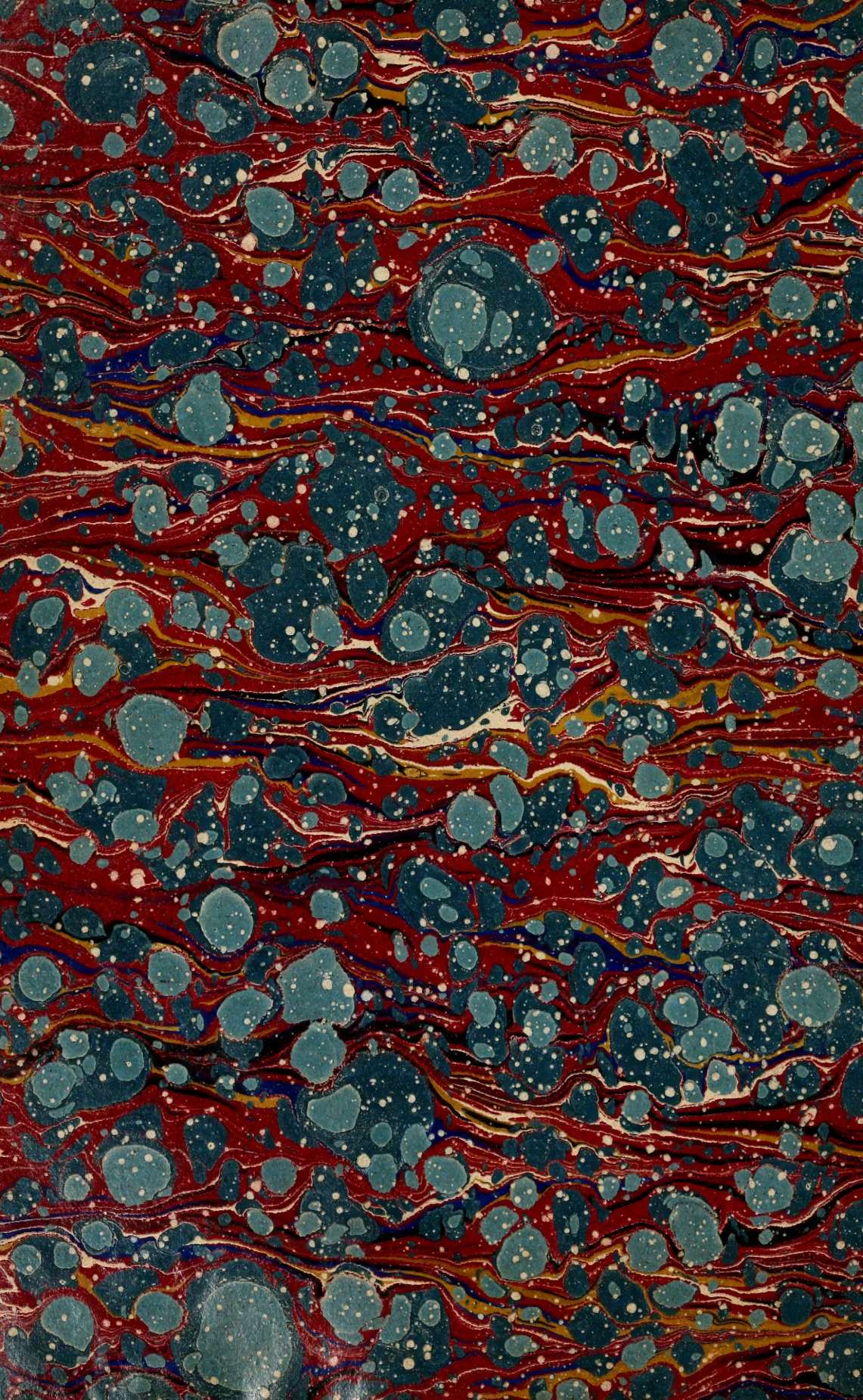






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The Onlooker

*A Literary Journal of Independent
Critical Opinion on Public Affairs*

Vol. II—No. 4

TORONTO, JUNE, 1922

Price—20c.

Midsummer Number

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JAMES COBOURG HODGINS, Editor

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THE editor of *The Onlooker* must crave the indulgence of his subscribers. The whole International situation is a kaleidoscope, and it is a time for short views. A journal like *The Onlooker*, devoted to serious and fundamental things, must take its chances. Mere gossipy comment and a rehashing of the current news is of no great value. It is better for the thinker to take his time and patiently elaborate his thought. He may prove wrong in his conclusions, but, at any rate, he will go down in the deeper waters

The utterly senseless printers' strike which has already cost the Typographical Union quite a million dollars has made it exceedingly hard both for author and publisher. The Master-Printers had no option but to deny demands that could only have resulted in the public's refusal to pay preposterous charges for printing. It would seem because of the lavish expenditure of funds, as though the strike in Toronto was intended as a sort of test of strength. If this surmise be correct, the Typographical Union is beaten. What the ill-advised labor leaders fail to realize is that the public cannot be coerced into buying, and that both masters and men are in the grip of a situation which can only be ameliorated by getting costs down to the point where goods can be freely moved.

The Onlooker must continue to appear in the present chaos at irregular intervals. It has gone deeply and flown far. Were the editor to consult his own ease and his own pocket he would at once discontinue publication, but Canada needs just such an organ, and some day in more capable hands and in quieter and more prosperous times it will make its appearance. A poor, even a poverty-stricken Canada is not to be feared. What is to be dreaded is a base Canada—a Canada grown indifferent to thoughtful conclusions on public affairs and to which the ideal side of life makes but scant appeal.

With half the present population of Canada, Scotland, in 1819, supported *The Edinburgh Review* and *Blackwoods*, and still supports them. The apostle John, whose diet was "locusts and wild honey", was but "a voice in the wilderness", yet he "prepared the way of the Lord." Unless Canada is to sink to a mere mendicant, picking up the crumbs that fall from the American table—and what miserable fare the most of it is!—it behooves all thoughtful citizens to take serious stock of the national situation. From the point of view of pure literature it is deplorable. No nobler contri-

bution could be made to the health and well being of this young Commonwealth, than the establishment, on a solid financial basis, of a really great and independent Organ of public opinion. In the meantime, *The Onlooker* will, under the chaotic conditions of the time, hirkle along; its irregular appearance being fully explained by the disturbed condition in the printing world and the general confusion of public affairs.

THE POSITION OF FRANCE*

THE Genoa Conference, ill-starred from the beginning, has passed into history. It was to have blocked out a clear path for the nations to follow and dissolves in an impenetrable mist. Something had to be done to "save face", and so shelter has been taken under the protecting wings of another conference, this time at The Hague. Once again the world is assured that a settlement will be made,—in three months time. "Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." Apparently, no compromise is possible in the present highly nervous state of Europe. France alone seems to know her own mind and is central and solid. The scales have fallen from her eyes, and her statesmen, among the most acute and logical in the world, are determined to go forward to the last inevitable conclusion of common-sense. If she is to go under it will be in defence of those principles on which our civilization is founded.

It is, indeed, easy to understand the position in which France finds herself. The urge of idealism is still present. Sentimentalism of a sickening quality there is in abundance, but the French are not given to sentimentalism in world affairs. As a nation they effervesce from time to time, having a good deal of Latin ebullience in their psychology, but when it comes to enlightened self-interest, or, if you will, national selfishness they are both hard-hearted and cold-blooded. France has the extreme misfortune to live next door to Germany—until lately one of the most monarchical of nations, and possibly so at this very hour. There has been intercourse between these two differing and basic stocks for many centuries, and, as a result of what has been experienced, there is profound distrust of motives on both sides. Nor is there, apparently, any possibility of a true *rapprochement*. The period of European domination, to which France looks back with pride, evokes only hate in the Teuton breast. Moreover, the doctrine of individual liberty, which is as fiercely held in France as in America or Britain, is not native to the Teuton, who desires before all else, in political affairs, to be directed from above. It is quite true that the doctrine of liberty in France has a touch of the abstract about it, but then the French have never been afraid to push an intellectual conclusion far out into the field of accomplishment, even to the extent of becoming the martyrs of an idea. On the other hand, the precedents of history, the pic-

*Written the day after the close of the conference at Genoa.

turesque use and wont of centuries have always had, and, probably, will always have a compelling charm for the bulk of a nation, such as Germany, at once laboriously practical and floridly imaginative. France is keenly aware that, while individual Germans may be high-minded and honorable, as a nation, Germany knows not the meaning of the word fidelity when it comes to treaties and promises. In diplomatic affairs the over-lords of Germany have always been cynically mendacious and treacherous. What has happened since the Armistice but confirms France in her historic prejudice. Without a moment's hesitation she threw overboard the brilliant Briand and substituted the best existing type of the average French intelligence—Poincaré. There had grown up too many layers of compromise, too many stratifications, (to use a happy term of Prof. Wrong's) between the former Statesman and Lloyd George and the decision was come to that it was time for him to go. He went overnight. That is France! What the fate of Lloyd George will be remains to be seen.

First and foremost, then, this profound distrust, which is based upon a long and sad experience of perfidy, must be sympathetically envisaged if there is to be any real understanding of the European chaos. Psychology, after all, is the key to many perplexing problems, and those Statesmen who attempt to ignore history and are fatuous enough to hold the ridiculous notion that the world can be made all over by the utterance of a few alluring generalizations and the coining of a few glittering similes are simply bound to come to the last of their bag of tricks. In the end they become bore-some. Dives, when in Hell, asked that a drop of water might be placed upon his tongue; he, no doubt, would have been maddened by a mere recital of the coldness and purity of the rivers of Paradise. France, sooner than any other nation, got down and back to the grim struggle for existence. The coldness of despair and death settled upon the national landscape; but the light, though chill and a little sinister, like that with which Meryon invested his deathless etchings, was clear, and in that light she saw and sees things as they precisely are. And she sees that Germany is essentially unchanged in her moral nature. "The hands" may be "the hands of Esau, but the voice is the voice of Jacob." It is indeed, possible that Clemenceau may have believed that Germany, when she signed the Versailles Treaty, intended to faithfully carry it out; it is further to be believed that Briand was fully convinced that the various modifications as to the terms of payment suggested by Lloyd George would in the end prove wise; but deep down in the French heart lay the conviction that Germany was at her old game of evasion, and that in the end, for mere commercial and financial reasons, she would win out. She may be right or she may be wrong, but she has at last reached firm ground and will

compromise no more; not even if the cost be the further military penetration of Germany and a stern enforcement of what she considers her rights in some small room in the dreary precincts of the White Palace in Berlin. A crisis-move of some kind there must be. The present intolerable Stalemate cannot last forever. The clouds are dark over Europe; and the French people, saddened almost beyond endurance by the memory of monstrous wrongs and well-nigh at the point of financial collapse, are straining at the leash.

The position is critical and terrible; but what has France to lose? At this hour she is in a condition to defy the world, and may defy it. She did it once before, and though the verdict of outside historians is that the French Revolution was a calamity, viewed from any angle of pure reason, it would be hard to convince the average Frenchman that it was anything other than a blessing, not only to France, but to all mankind. The problem will never be solved, never can be solved in terms of cold logic; but in terms of the subsequent progress of the race there is much to justify the average French point of view. At any rate, the *Invalides* is a shrine at this hour; and though much is being made of the Maid of Orleans it is safe to say that it is the mighty spirit of the Corsican that sways present-day France. The tumbrels and the guillotine are forgotten; but the glory that was Napoleon still burns in the Gallic heart, and, when it ceases to burn, France will be no more. France does not forget that, though in the end she lost all her conquests and her mighty son died in exile, it was his vast constructive genius that virtually changed the face of society, the breath of his destroying flame that burned up the decayed and degenerate Europe of his day and gave mankind a fresh start. It is probable that Napoleon is more honored in intellectual France (which, after all, is the only France that counts) at this hour for his positive and permanent contributions to the cause of human progress than for all his glorious victories.

Now, a nation with a tradition like this, of so recent an origin, is not to be deterred by any idle misgivings of disaster from plunging into a great adventure. The whole history of France, as of Britain, is a record of the attempt of a truly great people "to pluck the rose of safety from the nettle of danger." And France at the moment is armed as no other nation is armed, *cap-a-pie*. She is a nation of veterans, and has been fortified and strengthened by vast amounts of up-to-date war material delivered up by Germany. Who can rival her as a military power? It is not exaggerating to say that, at this very hour, she holds Europe in the hollow of her hand. There is none to gainsay her; not one. She could make a bloodless conquest of Germany and knows it. The League of Nations! She would brush it aside with one magnificent gesture. The League of Nations, save in the case of the smaller nations, is a faculty with-

out a function. It does not possess either the authority or the power to coerce so mighty a power as France. Britain is in no position to interfere, and it is questionable if public opinion would permit it. She is in deep financial straits, has cut down her army to the bare bone and her navy is being drastically reduced.

What of the United States? She also is engaged in scrapping her navy. She has no army of veterans like France; is still reeling from the sudden and terrific expenditures of the war; is sore and disillusioned at the meagre results obtained for all her herculean efforts; is ashamed and angry at the incredible blunders made in every department of thought and energy, and has just voted the incalculable sum of four and one half billions as compensation to her soldiers. The people of the United States are rich; but the Government is really as badly off as Britain. The Income Tax returns for the New York district for the first quarter of the current year show a deficit, as compared with 1921, of almost \$50,000,000. At this rate the slump in the total revenue from this important source may show a falling off of, at least, a billion dollars at the end of the present fiscal year. It is certain, owing to her insane Tariff legislation, that the customs revenue will also show a grave decline. If the President sign the soldier's gratuity measure the whole nation will stagger under an almost intolerable financial burden. Owing to Prohibition the Internal Revenue Tax will yield but little. What could the United States do? Precisely nothing. Viewed from any angle—the war-weariness of the people, the financial embarrassment of all nations and the complete demobilization of the fighting forces (including the naval)—it will at once be seen that France, which has its army intact and a people eager for the revenge of justice and threatened with financial annihilation if the German indemnity be not paid, occupies a position of complete military dominance. Her budget reveals a prospective deficit of \$800,000,000. By recovering what she considers just compensation for her horrifying losses she can see her way out. She has a keen recollection of the humiliation that was imposed upon her when the King of Prussia was crowned German Emperor in the Hall of Mirrors. She also remembers that a German army occupied France till the last sou of the crushing indemnity which Bismark imposed upon her was paid in hard cash. She turns her eyes to the desolated north and conjures up the wanton ruin, which took in, in its ferocious envisagement even the inoffensive trees and vines, and her heart hardens. It can be demonstrated that a ruined Germany means in the end an impoverished France. She knows it, for the French are among the hardest headed and shrewdest financiers in the world. She would will it otherwise if she could. But, since it must be the immediate ruin either of France or Germany, she has determined it shall not be France. The problem has been lifted out of the domain of theory and the God Of Things As They Are is ascendant.

If it were a matter for cold-blooded logic and the triumph of theory, *i.e.*, reason, France would forego her hate and Germany would strive in an honest, manly and repentant mood to make amends, not only to France, but the entire world for her violation of every decent human instinct. Where is the evidence of repentance? Her "sorrow's crown of sorrow" is remembering, not her shameful actions, but the loot she has been denied, the power that has slipped out of her hands—let us hope, in a military sense, forever. These are, indeed, hard days for the idealist and sentimentalist. We are passing through one of those dreadful phases when the cherished traditions out of which all the amenities of civilized life have grown seem to have diminished almost to the vanishing point. What is needed is, of course—who would care to deny it?—the rule of reason and of love; but, for the moment, the primitive and elemental passions of mankind seem to be in full control and natural selfishness, by no means limited to France, prevails. The fundamental law of self-preservation has the right of way. Nor can America, which has just put into effect a most senseless, short-sighted and selfish policy of commercial isolation, find any fault with the great Republic of Europe. She is estopped from criticism. She has put herself out of court. Ostensibly, nay openly and nakedly, she has served notice on the world that her determined policy is "America for the Americans". She has shut out French wines and silks by a Tariff which virtually amounts to an embargo, and, forgetful of the great sums poured out in her defence and the chivalrous aid of Lafayette and others during her struggles for independence, refuses to abate one *sou* of the loan owing to her by France. And if it be said that France should seek to fall into line with the present policy of Britain, for the reason that Britain saved her by her powerful navy, the obvious answer can be made that she held the gate while Britain was all unprepared and saved Britain first. Had Germany annihilated France it is a reasonable inference that the policy of Von Tirpitz would have been successful and Britain would have been forced to agree to a humiliating peace.

It would seem then, since national selfishness is supreme, that France is but following out to a logical conclusion the policy—a policy the very negation of Christianity—openly espoused by practically all people. Had the Armistice been a real truce of God, had logic and common sense triumphed it is plain that the first task of a ruined world would have been to reconstruct civilization on a foundation at once universal and sound. Other councils prevailed. Britain was a party to the Versailles Treaty, and ever since has been engaged in the attempt to scale it down. But, whatever the Statesmen of Britain may think of the wisdom of that agreement and however anxious they may now be to modify it, France is determined to stand by it. She has seen the solemn promises made by

her hereditary foe openly and cynically violated. No stream of German gold has as yet flowed into her coffers, and, in the meantime, a deficit of almost a billion of dollars faces her and portends financial ruin. So far as France is concerned, it may be said that, while the logic of the world is against her, the sentiment of the world is on her side. If Germany were prostrate and suppliant it would be a different matter; but, at this hour, and France clearly realizes the situation, Germany is dreaming her old warlike dreams and is brooding on the day when, Master of a ruined Russia, she will recover her lost *prestige* and dominate, not only Europe, but the whole of Asia. Already we hear of vast concessions made to German syndicates by the infamous gang of conspirators who rule that unhappy land, and the treaty between the Bolsheviki and Germany, openly flaunted at Genoa, but deepened the determination of French Statesmen to cut the cancer out and have done with it once and for all. One wonders what would have happened at Genoa had a Statesman of the hardness and shrewdness of Cromwell been in charge of British interests at that most deplorable of conferences. It is certain that France is determined, not only to force Germany to pay the uttermost farthing of the indemnity, but also that she is resolved to wring from Russia full payment with interest to date of the billions which she lent ungrudgingly in happier pre-war days. And it is just, that Russia should not only pay this honest debt, but, also, restore, with interest, the stolen property of foreigners, and make full amends for the atrocious murders of Capt. Crosbie and others.

It is easy to see the line which France will take. She is to-day the hope of Poland, of Czech-Slovakia and of Roumania. These new and untried powers realize that, with Germany and Russia in a firm military and commercial alliance, their doom would be sealed. But with France free to back them up, with the unquestioned right of way through Germany and in a position to dictate terms of peace in Moscow their future would be secured. And, without question, the complete smashing of the Bolshevik tyranny and the consequent liberation of the simple Russian folk from the fangs of a monster would lift a cloud off the horizon of the world. As between the ideals of Lenine and Trotsky and the noble individualism of France, for truly civilized and humane people, there can be no difference of opinion.

The half-baked theorists, the mentally and morally unemancipated are secretly, or openly and blatantly, in favor of the Soviet. Their wish and desire is that our ordered life of justice and security should be overturned and a rule of the average, based on the physical alone, made triumphant. It is to the instincts and passions of the animal man that they make their appeal, ignoring all private worth, scoffing at thrift and self-sacrifice, and hating all evidences of character and courage. They would reduce life to a featureless

uniformity, and for the delicate courtesies and tender private intimacies of our present society, would substitute the indecencies and coarse familiarities of the herd. To decree that all men and women are alike is grotesque and contradicted by the actual facts of human nature. Yet this is the dream of the turbulent and ignorant in our midst; and it is an obsession which is encouraged by certain radical labor leaders and by tricky politicians. In Russia the fiat went forth, "All shall be alike," and the result of despoiling and murdering the higher types was to turn that vast country into a waste and a desolation. To talk as though trade were the only thing to be considered in the premises is Criminal. France will not take that stand. She may be trusted to put mind first and the body last. Her Statesmen realize that there can be no compromise with a beast, and that to talk as though the only important thing is to exploit Russia through international trade agreements is criminal folly. Russia can only be restored by an open acknowledgment by her present tyrants that the mad scheme inaugurated with the accession of Lenine to power has completely and utterly broken down. For Russia to-day is precisely an Oriental despotism and Lenine is the typical tyrant of history. The whole country is ruled from Petrograd and Moscow, and both these capitals are in the hands of a small group of clever but unprincipled scoundrels.

It is safe to say that, so far as the great majority of the Russian folk is concerned, they are not even consulted. Open meetings are held from time to time in a few centres, but there is no secret ballot and no machinery for taking a plebescite of the popular will. What we are witnessing is the crafty procedure of a group of autocrats to keep in their own hands the supreme power. The present Russian system is the negation of Democracy since under it the individual has no freedom, and can have none. The Slavic brain has always been peculiarly susceptible to the appeal of fanaticism, and probably always will be. Religion having been displaced, it was at once seen that some substitute must be found, and the substitute provided was a theory of absolute equality which would admit no difference as between individuals whatsoever. It was a defiance of nature, and it has broken down in practice. The principle of rationality is utterly incompatible with any cast-iron system that rests on an unchangeable theory. The essence of true freedom is intelligence. All freedom flows from consciously free, *i.e.*, rational persons. The Soviet is a dogma—simple, exclusive, exhaustive—the root-idea of which is that the State is all and the individual, save as a tiny function of State activity, nothing. In days of religious fervor this complete subordination took another, albeit, a nobler form: and we need only read the biographies of Ignatius Loyola or of St. Francis to realize the analogy which exists between extreme monasticism and this new madness which exalts a theory above all interests in either the visible or invisible universe. The individual, as a free

person, having passed in Russia the impersonal state must order humanity there *en masse*. And this is being attempted. Only the ballet-dancer, the musician, the alluring female class which ministers to pleasure, and, of course, the cabal in control know the meaning of personal freedom. Under such a system only those in control are free. Peasants in remote hamlets are treated as mere purveyors to the hungry bellies in the cities. From the beginning they have been systematically robbed and have died in millions because of demoralized transportation. They are never consulted; though under the old Tzarist *regime*, through the village Mir and the territorial Zemstvo, they had a high degree of power and importance through their elected elders. The Cossacks represented one of the freest band of rovers in the world and were exempt from Imperial taxes. Local freedom in Russia, in the old days, was as wide as in any nation on earth. It was real and vital—a part of the very atmosphere. But all that has gone, and something sinister, soulless, mechanical, godless and material has taken its place. It needs no army to control these simple Mujiks. The local, the parochial with them has always been the limit of interest—in many cases the Tsar with his Government was as far removed as the sun. Like the prince of Tyre as depicted by Ezekiel he “sat in the seat of God”, and Russia was Holy Russia. Whoever controls transportation in Russia has a strangle-hold on the peasant; nay, the power of life and death. The Soviet controls the railways, and can treat with callous indifference the bulk of the population. Through this form of control, in the case of a vast territory almost wholly given over to agriculture, it is possible to concentrate troops at a given point quickly; to control foodstuffs, withhold freight and stop communication. What can the ninety millions of inarticulate Russian peasants do? They are not capable of organizing a counter-revolution. The cities are; but, so long as the autocrats agree among themselves and can keep the red army placated, an immediate uprising is by no means likely. But to say, as a certain high British official did at Genoa, that the Russian people were entitled to any form of government they might will, and that the Soviet is functioning as a true representative body is, in view of the facts of the situation, at once false, cynical and cruel. The Russian people, as a whole, did not will the Soviet and groan under it at this hour.

France, however, is not misled by any mock sentimentality—the true curse of the Anglo-Saxon race, both in Britain and out of it. To her the present *regime* in Russia is not a Government at all, but a body of usurpers placed where they are by Prussian gold and ready at any time to work hand in glove with their fellow-conspirators in Berlin. She foresees the day, if the world does not in the meantime awake to the deadly peril, when Germany will control, through her Russian satellites, the whole Asian continent; when the

brute-power of Russia will be welded and disciplined by the iron rigor of the Prussian drill-sergeant and the vast resources of that land exploited by German science. Such a development would mean, in the end, the enslavement of Europe and the end of a civilization based on abstract justice and bold personal freedom. With France the day of sentiment has departed. With sad, clear eyes she sees the situation as it is, and no coining of metaphors and promises of a millenium will cause her to swerve from the path she has marked out, which is the military penetration of the Ruhr valley (in case of further default), and, if necessary, the occupation of Berlin: if still further necessary, junction of her arms with Poland, Czecho-Slovakia and Roumania, a sharp swift conflict and the cutting out of the cancer of Bolshevism with the sword.

It would be a tremendously popular move in the case of a people in whose hearts the Napoleonic tradition of glory is still alive. France is the most literate and highly cultivated race in Europe. London is the world's commercial capital and the living centre of the widest human interests; but Paris is, in a peculiar sense, the capital of intellect and of true intellectual freedom. In such a clash she would represent the striving of the modern spirit against the atavism of the beast. Her success would mean no woe to the world, but a heightening of those impalpable and generous impulses which give dignity and meaning to human striving and make of existence a joy. Should she be blotted out, life, universally, would sink to mean dimensions. She does not propose to be blotted out, and she sees the enemy of the world's peace. She knows that the Russian people at this hour would welcome any power that would rid them of the blood-thirsty tyrants who in their name and under the cloak of freedom have brought them almost to the point of dissolution. Such a penetration, and, for such an end, would not be an interference with fundamental human rights, but the mere scattering of a band of adventurers and the restoration of a liberty and security which, at present, do not exist in that unhappy land.

The French Government is well aware that the German Government is completely bankrupt. The deliberate policy entered upon has succeeded. The mark is worthless. It is not with the present pseudo-Republican Governments that France proposes to deal; but with the men who actually control Germany. Rothschild, Thyssen, Stynnes, Krupp—it is with these, and such as these, that she will deal. It is they who will be forced to find the cash, and France will remain in occupation until they do, as Germany herself did in 1870.

But will not this course of procedure mean the financial enslavement and ruin of Germany? In general terms it may be stated that the whole world is financially enslaved. Britain, if you care to put it that way, is financially enslaved to the United States, and the whole of Europe practically to Great Britain. Debt may be

looked upon as slavery or as a prick, a goad driving to great accomplishments. The German occupation of France in 1870 undoubtedly spurred the French people to incredible exertions and sacrifices. France found five milliards of francs in a few years to the chagrin of Bismark. That was at a time when national wealth all round was insignificant when compared with to-day. The manufacture of power has reached dazzling heights. The means for creating new wealth keeps augmenting at an almost alarming rate. Hardly can capital keep step with discovery and invention. Wealth in these days is measured by standards that would have filled financiers with amazement even ten years ago. It is hard to set a limit to production in the case of such a nation as Germany. She may yet surprise the world by her deeds in the field of industry, as she awed it, almost into silence, by what she accomplished in the theatre of war. With France occupying her territory the iron will enter into her very soul. With that same France taking toll on the spot of a proportion of her total national earnings the lot of her common people will be hard indeed. Yet had *she* succeeded this is precisely what she would have willed in the case of her conquered enemy. It was Von Bernsdorff's wild boast at Newport, in the first heavy days of the conflict, that it was the intention of the German war-lords to split France clean in half from Calais in a south-easterly direction to the Gulf of Lyons, and he probably blabbed the truth. France remembers it all. Her army is intact; her cause just; her objective clear. She knows that at this hour she is the protagonist, the knight-errant of a higher, a more humane, an altogether nobler civilization than that which, as expressed in the pages of Treitschke and Von Bernhardi, subordinated the sweet and comforting teachings of the Sermon On The Mount to the ethics of the cave man. It was not for France to repent. She had done no wrong and had intended none. The whole world was aghast at the calamity that had been thrust upon it, and is still reeling like a drunken man from the blow. Germany is pleading poverty and whining about injustice and revenge. What has been her moral attitude since the war? Has she repented; has she asked forgiveness; has she set her house in order; has she in any manner co-operated in an earnest spirit with the rest of the world? She is still unrepentant, recalcitrant, shuffling and defiant. At the Genoa Conference, where she went to get less onerous terms, she flashed her under-ground agreement with the Bolshevik in the face of the world. It will mean, of course, a retardation of true economic recovery; it may mean the ultimate ruin of both France and Germany; but nothing is more certain than that, if the German indemnity is not paid, it will mean the immediate ruin of France and the ultimate complete triumph of a theory and an ideal of life held in abhorrence by the liberty-loving nations of the world. If the question is: Shall Germany or

France survive, who among Anglo-Saxon people would not vote for the sane, humane and chivalrous ideal of life of which France in her literature, her art, her philosophy and her general social intercourse is the embodiment? Commercial Militarism might, indeed, would give us a richer world; but the stern words are still sternly true, "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul." At any rate, the people that humiliated France by the crowning at Versailles and the military occupation of Paris would have no cause to complain at receiving a dose of their own medicine. The world cannot be expected to sympathize with a people to whom human agony was looked upon as a mere incidental annoyance in the march to glory and power, and who at this hour stubbornly refuse to bring forth fruits meet for repentance.

TOUCHING PARTIES

THERE is never room for more than two parties, and these parties must be either Conservative or Radical. The so-called Liberal party must go over to radicalism or cast off all disguise and range itself with the Conservatives. It is Conservative at this hour, and the rank and file are quite conscious of it. The world is at present divided between those who would overturn civilization and those who are prepared to defend it. The break is complete.

There is, however, another division possible, and it may be that we shall live to see it. There is the division of Justice—of that equity which is the shadow of God on earth. There are terrible moments when this has the right-of-way, and woe betide the party whether Conservative, Liberal or Radical which dares to play with it. If those in power have not the welfare of the average man in view in all their actions they will be brought to a sharp accounting. There is clear evidence that the public is taking this view of many pressing problems. But when the two historic parties are equally decent and honest then the division between them turns on an inherited way of looking at things. The essence of Conservatism is loyalty to proved and tried principles, whereas the Liberal or Radical or Progressive looks rather to change and adventure. In the healthy alternation of these great historic forces lies all hope of real, substantial progress. It is useless being dogmatic in politics. We are up against a biological law. Conservatism carried to its bitter logical end would halt all progress; Radicalism carried out to its last reckless conclusion would produce mental and moral neurasthenia. There are times when we must put the axe to the root of the tree; there are other times when we must stand like a wall of brass in defence of all that is precious. This is such a time. When the swimmer is gasping for breath on the beach after shipwreck is no time to advise him to plunge into the roaring breakers afresh and

seek the happy isles. Britain has emerged out of the world-chaos because Britain is essentially Conservative; and it is our firm belief that Canada, too, will see the desirability of holding fast to an inherited way of looking at things and have done with all mad attempts to substitute theories for realities.

The strength and dignity of parties is based on the solid fact that the true partisan believes that Reality is on his side. There is something dignified, and even noble and touching in this. It may be a fallacy, but, after all, it is a noble fallacy. When, however, he is so blind and crude as to make it a case of persons instead of principles; of power instead of responsibility; of greed instead of fine impartial service he writes himself down as a fool and blind. In such a case his political Radicalism or Conservatism is not a conviction but a disease.

The tragic fact in Canadian politics is that a great party, which was sworn from the beginning to an espousal of Free Trade, for the mere cat's paw of office went back on earlier moral convictions and lost its soul. It cannot be said of the Conservative party that it ever paltered with its principles. For a half a century of time it has been consistently Protectionist, and was never more so than at the present hour.

Its moral record on this single overshadowing issue is clean. Whenever the doctrine of Protection was attacked it invariably and honestly sprang to its defence. We repeat, it is the moral aspect that counts. This alone gives dignity—sometimes a pathetic dignity—to partisan consistency. When parties battle for principles and selfish interests are plainly subordinate the fight may assume even an epic grandeur; but when the true issues are lost in a fog of selfishness and men's minds are darkened with personal hates the whole head of the Commonwealth becomes sick and the whole heart faint. At such a time personal consistency in a leader—naked honesty and unerring adherence to conviction—becomes a priceless national asset; and if to these high and noble qualities there be added clear, piercing vision and a wide faith in the future the certainty deepens in the common heart and mind that the forces that silently work for righteousness are still active even in the eclipse of honor.

It is to be hoped that the people of Canada are now thoroughly seized of the fact that the historic Conservative party stands not only for a Protection that protects, but, also, for the sacredness of contracts, the rights of private property, and ever closer and more sympathetic union with the British Empire—in a word, for all that is precious and permanent in our civilization. Moreover, it is not responsible, and cannot be held responsible, for the initiation of the mad railway undertakings that are at present, our gravest peril.

THE MACDONELL CORRESPONDENCE, 1796—1833

FOREWORD

THE editor of *The Onlooker* takes great pleasure in printing for the first time the letters of an old Colonial family, which were long in the possession of the Heydon family of Toronto. By the will of the last surviving member, Miss Judith Heydon, they were bequeathed, together with the entire contents of the family mansion—long an old landmark on Bloor St., W., to her friend Mrs. Lumbers of Brecon and Toronto, through whose great kindness they have been placed in the hands of the editor of *The Onlooker* to deal with as he may think fit.

No name in the annals of Ontario stands higher than that of Macdonell of Glengarry. Though the stage on which they played their part was small, and even obscure, their accomplishments were truly heroic. No nobler saint ever drew the breath of life than the great prelate and humanitarian who founded the first Roman Catholic diocese at Kingston, in Ontario; and it would be hard to match for sheer splendid military daring the charge over the ice, of Lt.-Col., George Macdonell (known to his followers as "George the Red") and his Glengarry Highlanders, who, in a few swift moments, took Ogdensburgh in the war of 1812.

More than one branch of the Clan settled in Ontario; or as it was then called "Upper Canada." The writers of these highly interesting, indeed fascinating, letters descended from Alexander Macdonell of Scothouse or Scottos, who emigrated to Glengarry in 1790, and who was the second son of Aeneas Macdonell, a Highland laird.

The wife of the said John Macdonell was Janet McLeod, daughter of Donald McLeod of Armstitt. This Janet McLeod was the daughter of an aide-de-camp to Charles Stuart. In the copy of the marriage contract drawn up by "Mr. Murdoch McLeod minister of Glenelg", it is stipulated that the "tocher" shall consist of "three score of cows, and four pieces of sufficient horse, as they are usually payed in tocher. That is to say, twenty milk cows, twenty yeall cows, ten cows two years old and ten stirbs to be payed in manner following." Aeneas, the father of John, the father of Alexander, the emigrant and exile, on his part, covenants to pay his son John, 2,000 marks (Scots), and so on. The copy of the covenant is beautifully written, as doubtless was the original.

It is evident, then, that the Macdonells of Scothouse, or Scottos, were substantial, possibly rich Highland chieftains of ancient lineage, and, from the profusion of classical names, undoubtedly cultured.

The glory of the line, so far as Canada is concerned, culminates

in John (born at Greenfield, Inverness, Scotland, 1787) who lies with Brock under the mighty shaft at Queenston. Apart from his supreme military achievements, he must have been a very remarkable young man. He was called to the bar in 1808, became Attorney-General in 1811, and, at the breaking out of the war, was appointed A. D. C. to General Brock. "At Detroit he received General Hull's sword, and the gold medal commemorative of the surrender was transmitted to the family after his untimely death." (Rattray.)

When the attack on Queenston Heights took place, Macdonell was stationed some few miles from the scene of the strife. Again we quote from Rattray: "He had only two companies with him, but these men, exasperated at the death of their beloved General, rushed valiantly up the steep, intent on vengeance. In the course of the charge, the gallant Macdonell fell, having been wounded in four places. He lived for twenty hours, continually lamenting the death of his illustrious Chief." It sounds, as thus eloquently put, like a page out of the Iliad.

These family letters reveal that deep clan loyalty which is always and everywhere characteristic of the true Gael, and they make plain, also, a deep natural piety. None of the Macdonells were ashamed or afraid to reveal the deeper side of human experience to each other. They were Roman Catholics and loyalists, to be sure, but the touches we get have nothing artificial about them. It is the religion of St. Francis—so pure and tender that at times it brings tears. And, always, the close to each letter is a benediction. The letters of Penelope Beikie (who afterwards lost her reason) have, at times, a certain tartness; but it is a sweet acidity which gives a certain zest to the perusal. She scolds; but one can detect a certain motherly yearning through it all. The letters of William—to whom all these epistles were addressed—have, unfortunately, not survived. All we know about him is that he left Canada and settled and married in Boston, where he seems to have got a position in the Customs. How he demeaned himself during the days of strife we shall never know; but the strain must have been terrific. It would seem to have been a case of: "I have married a wife and cannot come." The Canadian members of the Clan did not like it, and never ceased in their efforts to get him back under the old flag. Apparently all their endeavours were in vain. He would seem to have had a truly marvellous child who talked Greek. It may have been a fond delusion—still Boston even in those far-off days was Boston. Brother Miles is by no means sure that his own daughter would be able to converse with her cousin should William accept his nobly generous offer and settle in York; still he thinks she might be able to rub up her classics and make a fair show at it. We have more money in these days, some of it dirty money, but——— John, whose early death Miles predicted as a result of physical

hardships in the Athabaska country, lived, certainly till 1833, and, possibly longer. With the most to tell, he tells the least. But this is not to be wondered at as John Beikie, Penelope and Miles continually commiserate his wretched lot. What would we not give if John, whose letters breathe the very air of common-sense, had been a poet and an observer! Miles died in his house at Point Fortune, and the regret of John that he went out without the last rites of the church is whole-hearted and sincere.

Miles tells his own story. His was a truly tragic lot, which Rattray has well and skilfully told in his "Scot In British North America." He gives us no details of his misunderstandings with Lord Selkirk, but his end was tragic. What we have are just a few flash-lights; but as a self revelation they are intensely interesting.

John Beikie appears almost as an outsider, but one of his letters is interesting dealing as it does with the "Illuminati" which, curiously enough, is attracting attention at this hour among thinkers in Britain.

Letter from Penelope Beikie Macdonell to her brother William Macdonell, Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

Cornwall, May, 1796,

My Dear Brother:—

Your welcome and long expected letter Mr. Munro was kind enough to deliver himself and you may suppose he was no unwelcome guest. We had given up all hopes of hearing from you till spring. Mr. Alexander and my father were sure you were lost in crossing the lake, but they were all agreeably disappointed.

Great promotions, or rather additions in the Royal Canadian Volunteers. Miles is Capt., and McLean has raised his company, as you must know every Capt. must raise forty men before he gets any pay. Mr. Wilkinson is Capt., Mr. McMillan, Capt., all recruiting at a great rate. They will not leave a man in the country at last. A. D. Waggoner is listed. Poor Ebb Anderson is in gaol for stealing a watch and is to be tried before the first Sessions. Elisha And is married to a Miss Jones and lives at Osnagatchie. For Cornwall news enquire of Tommy Swan. Mr. Warffe says this will be a lonesome place when he is gone. Miles has been at Quebec this twelve months past and has not been here since. If you write, direct to him there. Mr. B——wrote to him of your departure. We got our letters from John as usual. He is well and much beloved by his employers. He is quite the Champion in the North West. I thank you for the very long letter you wrote me. I suppose you thought it long enough as it contained your height and breadth! My advice to you is to eat nothing but soup and potatoes. Little Kitty says I must put in the letter to Uncle William to come as she wants to see him. Alex. speaks very well and knows his letters. They all desire to be remembered to you—to little Cristie

and Hannah and Livinea; in short every one individual and Mr. Swan, and they must kiss the letter to be sent likewise——? Do you go to church every Sunday and do you say your prayers every day? I fear you are deficient in these Christian duties.

Tell William Swan I was glad to hear that he was not so wicked as he used to be, that I will be glad to hear from him. This letter by Mr. Munro was the only account we heard of you all since you left this. Wishing that you may always behave yourself well and write longer letters, I remain, your very affectionate sister,

Penelope Beikie.

Little Donald is safe over the small-pox.

Mr. William Macdonell.

P. S. Mr. B.—— would write by this opportunity if he was at home. He is gone to take leave of Mr. Chewitt before his departure. Mr. B.——wrote from Montreal last winter. He does not know if they ever came to hand.

P. B.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR

This letter is addressed "care of Capt. Samuel Dobury (Old Bergen-op-Zoom?) and is endorsed "Received 14th July." Stamped on it in black is "Lansing Stage," surely one of the earliest official post-marks on record!

From John Macdonell in the employment of The North-West Fur Co., to his brother William, in Boston, Mass.

Original Portage,
July, 22nd, 1799

Dear William:

I am just sitting down at the end of a Portage to address all my friends for a twelvemonth to come, and have only one night to do it as I expect to meet the return canoe that is to go out express every moment, have no time to waste in vain congratulations. Your favour dated Boston, Feb. 7th, came safe to hand five months after the date and was pleased to hear of your being in good health and spirits, but I am sorry to tell you that business will not allow of my accepting your kind invitation to meet at brother Beikie's where we often met before.

I have got this length on my way back again to the Red River. Was unable to address you from the *Grande Portage* for want of time and must do it even now after every body is gone to rest and the coast clear. This is my fourth day from *The Grande Portage*.

I do not much know the nature of your expectations, but I think you ought to look farther forward than present subsistence as I find you do nothing but maintain yourself in your present capacity. Supposing you were to take a trip to the West India Islands or even to the East. You may make a spoon or spoil a horn as the Scot

says. Hang it! A young fellow like you ought to be at home wherever he is. There is a Mr. Holt from Canada that went to Jamacia some years ago as supercargo that has settled there and is now worth thousands. Who knows but there may be something there for you likewise.

Excuse this hint. You ought to have better information from that quarter than me. God be with you my dear brother.

Yours affectionately,
John Macdonell.

N. B. Direct to Jno. McD., Senr.,
Grand Portage N. West.
Care of McTavish, Frobisher & Co.,
Merchants, Montreal.

From Miles Macdonell to his brother William resident in Boston, Mass.

Quebec April 30th, 1796.

Dear William :

The opportunity of Mr. Munro of Gaspé offering prevails on me to write you for otherwise I should not know how to address a letter to find you out. Circumstances have so turned out that tho' I am much nearer to our friends than what you at Boston are, yet I have not had the pleasure to see any of them since your departure; nor can I find leisure for some little time to come to take a trip to visit my friends and embrace my dear little unfortunate pledges of happier days. However, I have the consolation of having frequent intelligence of my poor little ones being in health, and know they are well and tenderly nourished by our kind and affectionate sister Penelope in whom they have found the best substitute for their irreparable loss of a mother. I am at present involved again in that most troublesome service of recruiting, but for far more satisfactory prospects than when you saw me; that is raising men for a company in the Regiment of Royal Canadian Volunteers which is to be augmented by a second Battalion. There are no less than 30 officers let loose at once to raise men for appointments amongst whom of your acquaintances are, Niel McLean, McMillan, Wilkinson, and myself for Companies: Chichester, Ronald Liath alas Governor and Angus Greenfield for Lieutenancies, young Bordwin and William Dease, son of Capt. Dease for Ensigns. So that at last there is an opening for a number of young fellows of this country. Had your father made application to Lord Dorchester he certainly would have obtained an appointment in one of these Battalions for you; an Ensigny would not have been refused and I think a Lieutenancy might have been got. But our poor father is all wedded to his farm that he can think of nothing else. I do not know how he is able at present to live there since you and Polly left him: his only inducement that I can think of is the vanity of finishing that fool-

ish, dirty, chateau of a house. You may be surprised at my talking in this light familiar strain of my father's weakness but you always knew my sentiments of that undertaking to have been the same: and when one brother writes to another there should be no reserve. Perhaps something could yet be done for you in the new Corps. There are some vacancies to fill up. Were I once commissioned as Captain (which I expect to be in a fortnight) I should leave no stone unturned to obtain an appointment for you, should you meet with nothing better at Boston; but at present I can ask for nothing till I am myself provided for. Make my best and sincerest compliments to old Bergen-Op-Zoom and family. Write me often what you are about and what prospects you may have and believe me always to be Dear William, your own affectionate Brother,

Miles Macdonell.

Grande Portage, July 13th, 1802

Dear William:—

Your favour of the 22nd March came to hand on my arrival at this place from my wintering ground, by the hands of Mr. Wm. McGillivray, our agent. I was happy to learn by it that you were in good health. After perusal I showed your letter to Mr. McGillivray but the only answer he gave me was that we (meaning the House of MacTavish Frobisher & Co.,) must be better acquainted with the Buck. He told me he had seen a gentleman of Boston on his way to New York of whom he enquired of you. The gentleman said he knew you and that you had been a long time there and further promised Mr. McGillivray that he would ask of you how he could be serviceable to you.

Our brother Miles who wrote me this last Spring for the first time these three years tells me he has a something in this Province in his eye for you but does not give me the least hint of what it is. Take the first of the two that presents itself if they appear more advantageous than your present situation lest you verify the old Gaelic proverb which says that between two stools the body falls to the ground.

Miles, I am informed, is shortly to be married to Miss Mary Greenfield. Beikie has a place in one of the offices belonging to the Crown of 125 pounds Halifax currency and lives at York the seat of Government in this upper Province. So that our poor old father has not one of his family near him and must feel long entirely by himself in his large house on the *Riviere aux Raisin*.

Remember me kindly to our worthy friend Mr. Swan and family not forgetting Shaw.

Wishing you health and happiness, dear William,

Your most loving brother,

John Macdonell.

P. S. I set out for my wintering ground in a few days to fight against a strong opposition headed by our former Agent & Co-partner but now the new created knight Alex. McKenzie a very ungrateful man who employs the money we helped him to amass to effect our destruction. But after three years trial their share of the trade is only one-sixth tho' they send half as many goods into the country as we do. We have this last year bought the lease of the King's posts at Tadousac below Quebec for the term of twenty years at 1025 pounds per annum.

The bearer of this, Mr. Angus Shaw, one of our proprietors, goes down as our agent to carry on the trade in that quarter and is to take up his residence in Quebec. We have now a chain of Indian trade which extends from the Atlantic to the Pacific ocean for we have posts beyond the great Ridge called the Rocky Mountains which separate the waters that fall into both seas. Tadousac post has communication with our posts up the *Cheneaux* of the Three Rivers and the latter with those of *Riviere du Lievre* and Temiscaming above which we have several posts along and round the Lake Superior, exclusive of Nipigon, Fond du lac, etc., etc. We go to the South till we meet the Mississippi Trader and to the North till we intermix with those from Hudson's Bay, but due north we go far beyond the limits of the H. B. Company: so far that the furs traded in those distant regions only get here the second year tho' every precaution is taken to facilitate their progress. Dear William.

Ever your affectionate brother,
John Macdonell.

Osnaburg October 3rd, 1803

My dear Brother:

Since the reduction of our Corps in August 1802 at Fort George I have been so very much occupied in making an establishment here, that I have had but little time to attend to writing. Indeed I must candidly acknowledge that I am averse to writing; but when occasion requires it I always give every necessary information to some of my friends concerning myself, of which, thank God, we have still a number living anxious and interested in our welfare.

Since your letter to me by young Mr. Powell I have not had the scrape of a pen from you, tho' I requested in a subsequent letter that you would be circumstantial and particular in relating everything concerning yourself.

We have this summer lost a worthy friend and relation by the death of the Reverend Mr. Alexander Macdonell, whose loss as an agreeable member of society and a well-wisher to us in particular is above anything I can say of him.

My father passed some time with me here last winter, but would not spare a week to come here to fish all the summer, so busy is he with the improvement of his place called Scothouse on the *Riviere*

aux Raisin. I saw him at his seat lately. He was in very good health and spirits and talked of writing to you. Our affectionate brother John encountered much difficulty, fatigue and danger last winter on account of the opposition to the N. W. Co. Being sent from the *Grand Portage* to a distant post in the extensive country of Athabaska he and his party were stopped by the ice one hundred leagues from the place of their destination; even obliged to drag the goods in sledges upon the snow and ice and suffered incredible hardships, being frequently reduced to eat parchment boiled to glue in water and sometimes roasted before the fire. Notwithstanding he tells me his constitution is not in the least impaired by these severe trials, but I am convinced he will feel the effects of them at a more advanced period of life.

Being now fixed here, perhaps for life, I anticipate great pleasure in the expectation of hearing frequently from you and hope we shall all yet meet happily for John talks of coming down. I do not know whether I could throw you now in wrestling tho' I have done it formerly—I write this in great heart. You may expect soon to hear from me again. In the meantime I beg that you will not neglect to write to me fully everything relating to yourself—I am,
Dear William,

Your ever affectionate brother,

Miles Macdonell.

P. S. Please to write care of Mr. John Fisher, merchant, Montreal.

Osnaburg, April 23rd, 1806

My Dear Brother:

I have reason to complain of your long silence to me not having received any letter from you since that which you wrote immediately upon your arrival in Boston after your welcome visit to us here. I was then happy, as you might see, with a lovely and sweet companion, my children round me and a fair prospect of comfortable ease. But now, O God, how different is my miserable situation! I lost my dear wife on the 12th March last after a painful illness of near four months. She was safely delivered of a daughter on the 23rd of November, but from her natural lively spirits got about the house too soon and caught a fatal cold which settled on her lungs and could not be removed by the wretched faculty we have here. They lulled her and me into a security that there was no danger until it was too late. With what exemplary patience and resignation she suffered! and died a most enviable death with all the rites of the church. May God grant me the like; and should it be his divine and holy will, the sooner the better. But I am too tough! The afflictions I have met with would kill any other but myself—I am destined to survive all my dearest friends.

My affectionate brother John insisted on my remaining here, otherwise I would have deserted the place forever. It is now a most dismal residence and since John's departure I have only little Donald with me. My daughter is yet at York.

Our good father was very near dying this winter. I went two or three times to see him expecting each time to receive his last words. He is now entirely recovered, but has lost a great deal of his strength and activity. His illness was owing to a cold caught at church. John stayed with him all the time of his illness.

I wish you all the felicity in your matrimonial connection that a pleasant and agreeable partner bestows. It is certainly the only real happy state in this world. Please give my love to your wife. We may yet be acquainted. The only pleasure I can now have is to see the happiness of my friends.

May heaven grant you, may you both long enjoy the happiness of each other's company, is the sincere wish Dear William, of

Your ever affectionate brother,

Miles Macdonell.

N. B. Let Mr. Montainon say half a dozen masses for the repose of my dear wife's soul and pay him for them.

M. W. J. Macdonell.

Montreal, June 20th, 1807.

My Dear Brother:

Your welcome letter of March 18th I received at the *Riviere aux Raisin* immediately on my return there from York our seat of Government. The contents of it as to what relates to yourself do not displease me. Your residing in Boston or at so great a distance from us gave me often much uneasiness and I incessantly strove to think of something suitable to induce you to return to your friends and the British Government. I now, thank God, have at last a glimpse of accomplishing what I have so long wished for and would advise you not to wait the mortification of being turned out of office but handsomely and independently to resign and come into this country as hard as you can pelt by the shortest route with your wife and child. I have different things in contemplation for you, but cannot carry my plans into effect as well as if I had you at hand to assist me in my projects.

Previous to going to the States last summer I was in train for the appointment of Sheriff of the Eastern District. ———

————— was to have been dismissed for drunkenness and ill conduct. Mr. President Grant, then administering the Governments was my friend and pledged himself to give me the situation when ——— should be displaced. I communicated my expectation to Captain Neil McLean as a friend and left matters thus situated when I went to the United States confident that I should succeed.

In the meantime Governor Gore arrived. Capt. McLean applied for the Sherifalty and procured it for himself, the new Governor not knowing anything of me. The Sherifalty of the Home District with a salary of £100 sterling has been since given to me by the Lt. Governor to compensate me for my former disappointment; the salary for the Eastern District being only £50 currency.

I came down here with my two boys to place them in the college and return back to York immediately. I would advise you to come to this country without delay. I am now in a trait that will enable me to do something for my friends. Your wife will be lodged with my daughter at my father's house, which I have given a good deal of repair to. We will all strive to make my dear sister as comfortable as possible. You must proceed immediately after me to York as soon as you have placed your wife and child securely at Scot-house when I shall appoint you my Deputy and give you all the fees which I am told is much more than the salary. I have a near prospect amounting almost to a certainty of a Military appointment for myself which will enable me to resign the Sherifalty in your favour. I have other views for you which I cannot explain in the compass of a letter to provide you to should this not be agreeable.

Let me entreat you not to lose any time in leaving Boston. I know it will be trying for Mrs. Macdonell to part with her friends there, but she will find other friends here that are disposed to do everything in their power to contribute to her wishes. I long to embrace my dear sister and your little Bostonian daughter that talks Greek. Perhaps my darling Isabelle may recollect a little of hers and be able to converse with her.

Write me to York by the post to Niagara immediately on receipt of this—for God's sake do not be negligent. My father had a very severe illness this spring while he was at York. He is now pretty well. I have made a purchase of the farm opposite to his house that was Angus McDhonachaigh's, for the purpose of building a village there with mill seats, etc., etc. Keep this, for the present to yourself. If you do not come directly what a thrashing I shall give you. Please to remember me in the most friendly manner to Bergen-Op-Zoom and family. I am very sorry that I did not go to Boston when at New York. In great haste believe me to be, Dear William,

Your ever affectionate brother,
Miles Macdonell.



LIVING WITH THE WALL DOWN

By Geo. L. C. Moore

I remember walking through the streets of a large European city on the morning after a wildy tempestuous night. The gale had done considerable damage, particularly in the older and poorer parts of the city. Shattered slates, mingled with broken bricks where a crazy chimney had toppled over, lay here, there and everywhere, with, occasionally, the fragments of a wooden shutter, torn violently away from its fastenings, to add variety to the *debris*. There was at least one result of the storm which was not without its amusing side. By some strange chance—precisely how it happened I never could imagine—a large portion of the front wall of a two-storey house had fallen out, leaving the interior visible. Later in the day, the police forced the inhabitants to leave the unsafe building, but when I saw it, they were not only still within, but were actually seated at a small table and eating their breakfast in plain view of the curious spectators. If anything, they seemed to enjoy, rather than resent, the attention they received, and the unusual sensation of “Living with the wall down.”

Over the interval of many years that strange little scene has come back to me several times when I have noted the lack of reticence shown by some of our people, and their eagerness for publicity on all occasions, great or small. Lift up one of our Canadian newspapers, and you will be pretty sure to find a “Society Page,” or its equivalent, to which these people confide their most intimate and peddling domestic affairs. Little Jacky Doe has his adenoids removed or suffers from mumps, and all the local world must hear of it. Mrs. Geoffrey Stiles has gone to pay a visit to her sister, Mrs. Richard Roe, at Turnip Centre, or Mrs. Roe has come to visit her, and the remarkable fact must be proclaimed to all and sundry, though all and sundry may have but a qualified interest in the movements of these distinguished ladies. Miss Alice Blank of Wonderland has returned to resume her studies at the University, and once we are apprised of the fact through the society columns of the “Scrimpton Times,” we instinctively feel that we should congratulate, not Alice but the faculty, on it. A friendly game of whist, an innocent orgy of tea and the inevitable “layer cake,” becomes a social event of cardinal importance—at any rate in the minds of those misguided folks who have so sadly lost all sense of proportion as to fancy their smallest doings are of interest to the world at large. We are not spared a single detail. We know who poured the tea, who cut the ices, who received. We know that the table was “tastefully decorated with ‘mums’”—to quote the society editress who is either too busy pandering to vanity to write the word in full, or aspires like her colleague of the sporting page, to evolve a strange jargon

of her own. All we wait to learn is by whom the dishes were washed, and who returned the borrowed silver to its legitimate owners. In short these people, like the sufferers from the storm mentioned above, enjoy "living with the wall down." They love, they court publicity; and, like the boy with the famous soap, they "won't be happy till they get it."

There is something intriguing and disquieting about this feverish eagerness for newspaper notoriety. The Englishman—and many of our people are at least of English descent—used to boast that his house was his castle. To a great extent he made good his boast, and no doubt does so still. As the inviolate sea was a shelter from foreigners, and perhaps encouraged him in an excess of insularity, so the four walls of his house were a defence from the curiosity or interference of closer neighbors. His business was his own; so was his family; so were his domestic joys and sorrows. Woe betide the Paul Pry or publicity artist who sought, uninvited, to poke an impertinent nose into his jealously guarded concerns! If there was anything like real news he did not run after the reporter; the reporter ran after him, and took chances in the race. The newspaperman who tried to pry out of Mr. John Bull information as to personal affairs had a serious contract on hand. Like the rich—and this was probably the only resemblance he ever attained—he was "sent empty away." He was exceedingly lucky if the sending was not as violent as effectual.

We have changed all that. Whatever it may have been once, the Canadian's house is no longer his castle so far as privacy is concerned. Apparently he, or some of him, do not want it to be so. They prefer to live with the wall knocked down and practically on the street, for all the world and his wife to geck and titter at. Their highest ambition seems limited to making a big splash in the puddle of the society page, and if a splash is beyond them, they must have something, were it only a muddy little ripple. They are affected—to sail close to the shores of mixed metaphor—by the itch of self advertising. No incident, no circumstance, is too trivial. Their little journeys, their little ailments, their little hospitalities must all be recorded in the sacred columns in which they live and move and have their social being. *Nulla dies sine linea*—is their motto, but they give the old phrase a new signification. For them it means no day without a personal line on their favorite page.

To what must this craze for living with the wall down be attributed? Of course the average Canadian, less cold, self-contained and "stand-offish" than the Britisher, may cherish a beautiful ingenuous faith in the sympathy and friendly interest of his fellow citizens even in his smallest doings. This is the most charitable explanation, but unfortunately it does not go very far. It may be true of the rural community or small town where everybody knows everybody else, and where interest in your neighbor's affairs is

almost a sign of grace. But as the community grows larger, it becomes less and less true. The city-dweller who hugs such a delusion shows very little knowledge of human nature; and a newspaper, in encouraging him, convicts itself of petty parochial journalism. It is a relic of the journalism of the "jerk-water" village, where all the inhabitants are a "happy family," though, alas, not always without their share of family jars.

... This breadth of sentiment does not belong to the considerable city. What right, for example, has Mrs. Mucklenutt (observe the subtle Scots "wut") to think that I take an intense interest in the fact that her little Algernon has some childish ailment? I do not know the lady, I do not particularly care to know her; and as the city enlarges, I am all the less likely to enjoy that privilege. Her Algy may have anything from chicken-pox to *cholera morbus* without arousing more than a general feeling of regret that any child should suffer. What right has the society editress to fancy that I care two straws whether Mrs. Newstile was present at a concert given by some great artist? Her, too, I do not know, or greatly care to know. Her presence could not add a tittle to my enjoyment if I too was there. I go for the sake of the music, and not to bask in the presence of self-elected leaders of society.

Of course the names of self-respecting people, people who do not gasp for newspaper notoriety, must once in a while stray into the society columns. It would be unfair to censure them for an accident, for what is rather their misfortune than their fault. Nor must we be too hard with the good simple souls who are guilty of occasional lapses, not from any conscious presumption or impulse of social ambition, but through the force of evil example. It must be feared, however, that for the most part those whose names are repeated *ad nauseam* belong to two different but equally offensive classes—the people who sadly overestimate their own importance, or those who are so little assured of their importance that they desire to force it upon public attention. They are, in other words, the snobs who think they have "arrived," and the snobs who know they have *not*, but are determined to do so by hook or by crook.

Can it have been of these par-hunters or publicity hounds that the Preacher thought when he made his sweeping assertion about vanity? With them, though in a different sense, all is indeed vanity. And next to vanity, their most conspicuous characteristic is a total lack of humor. If they possessed that saving sense, they would realise how ridiculous they make themselves, and what disgust is aroused by their puerile pretensions. For people are disgusted, they do laugh at them, even when they are not free of a similar taint themselves. Social equals and superiors (which in most communities means equals or superiors in worldly wealth) cavil and sneer at childish ambitions in others while they do not regard them as even venial sins in themselves. "I see," says Mrs. Tawdry de

Tankerville, "that Mrs. Pushful has had another 'bridge.' What silly airs that odious woman gives herself, and what a bunch of nobodies she has around her. Why, there's not one of them I would allow to enter &c. &c." Social inferiors—measured by the same infallible standard—are even blunter. "Well, I do declare," exclaims honest Mrs. Timothy Brown, "if that Mrs. Pushful is not on the society page again. You remember her, John—that Sally Smith that was hired girl at Thompson's in Swapville. I tell you what—" and she does tell him many "whats" not very flattering to the aspiring lady.

Why should comfortable commonplace people thus seek the bubble reputation in the perilous publicity of the society columns? Why should they barter privacy for the sneers and—if you will—the envy of their fellows? They would surely be much happier if they rebuilt that wall or moved to a safer and more secluded habitation. A Canadian's house should be his castle, not a sham of home with a wilfully shattered front exposing him to the jibes and jeers of every casual critic. As it is, this constant "living with the wall down" is the very abomination of snobbery.

G. L. C. MOORE.

THE DAY BOOK

A man owns only what he is superior to.

Happy is the man who can stand with God in shadow and feel His presence.

Inferior races and persons thrive on resentment. It is their natural food.

The thing you ought to do, *do*, and you will never doubt the existence of a divine Order.

A controlled newspaper represents, in all its hideous completeness, the prostitution of literature.

Loyalty is always clean; lost causes always beautiful; unmerited defeat is always victory.

There is no pleasure quite so keen as the malice of a small mind engaged in humiliating a superior.

Shakespeare holds the British race together. He is the cement; he is the very soul of the English-speaking world.

If there is such a thing as the sword of God it is unsheathed and flashes when a great intellect dawns upon the world.

Faith is the bridge between one moment of consciousness and the next; between breath and breath; between step and step.

Caste is the degenerate stage of aristocracy, as dogma is of religion. In both cases the original meaning and purpose has been lost.

The footprints of a little child on the snows of innocence is the clue which the heart of the world follows into the darkness of the unknown.

Prodigals may be trusted to return. The vein of sensualism worked out, the mine is abandoned. Sinners alone know the bitterness and emptiness of sin.

Nine-tenths of what passes for profundity is really stupidity. Apart from scientific treatises of an abstract nature there is no subject that cannot be made clear and interesting to the average intelligence. Failure to accomplish this result is evidence, not of profundity, but of incapacity to use language with skill.

Government, at its best is inconspicuous—as silent as a natural force and as efficient. The supreme nuisance of modern times is the thrusting of Governments down our throats. “Taking an interest in government” means electing men of character, and ability and leaving them with the conviction that they are trusted.

Only occasionally do we find a statesman in power and he is soon cast out, because he has no novelty to offer and no millenium to promise. The wonder is that men of high ideals ever bother with politics. Yet if they did not the whole mass would grow putrid. The political pool of Bethesda is only kept from corruption by the visit, from time to time, of an angel in the form of some pure spirit like Falkland, or Algernon Sydney or Burke. The lights of the world are the noble.

The snob always maintains the class above him, and the higher the class the fiercer he fights for it. It must be highly diverting to be aristocrats born in the purple. Whatever pleasure exists in cynicism must be theirs to the full. So long as the British Empire exists the esquire will fight for the knight, the knight for the baronet, the baronet for the baron and so on *ad astra*; and should the supply of snobs ever fail in Britain there are the United States and the Dominions Over Seas to draw upon.

Men may sneer at Milton as “out of date”. It is the silly fashion of the literary humbugs of the time. But so long as man believes in the existence of a supernatural world Milton’s fame will be secure. It may be said that he possesses a perpetual copyright of the word “Paradise.” If the whipper-snappers who are now engaged in relegating Milton and Tennyson to the scrap-heap had a

tithe of their genius and character, earth would not be able to contain them. Æsop's fable of the frog who tried to be an ox fits the whole crew.

An Englishman moves from point to point and knows that he must always move from point to point.—“World without end, Amen!” It is the result of the discipline of Empire. Insular? Not he! Every day he must adjust himself to world-conditions and take cognizance of a hundred psychologies different from his own. An American wants to get finality. He would take the whole universe *table d'hôte* and leave the linen white. “Getting results” he calls it. But nothing is more certain than that finality is only another name for death. Nothing is ever settled; nothing ever will be settled. The will of God, as Homer sings, is always “being accomplished.”

Perfection is a beautiful myth born of a fleeting glimpse of that central unity, which is a necessity of thought but forever beyond experience. Perfection is not for man; yet the tragedy involved in seeking it is the most beautiful in the world. We miss the whole point of Don Quixote when we fail to see the mournful beauty of his mad, impossible dream. Tragedy reaches its supreme height in the baffled idealist. Those who drink of this cup never die. It was, indeed, because of his wild longings for the central heart of beauty that the storm-cloud which swallowed Shelley from sight still casts a shadow over the whole landscape of humane letters.

We ask the idealist for bread and he presents us, not with a star but with whole bunches of galaxies; and though hunger is not assuaged a deeper want is satisfied. The poet who wrote: “Lift up your eyes and behold who hath created these! He calleth them all by name; not one of them is missing,” may not have added either to utility or comfort, nevertheless he drew the whole human family up to a higher level, as the moon the tide. To “renounce ideals and accept London” is, no doubt, sound philosophy; and there is much to say for relinquishing perfection for improvement; but should the race ever really scorn its high visionaries and poets, its doom would be sealed. When Dante asked of his guide concerning certain souls in chains: “And who are these? Virgil answered, “These are they who believed in the *status quo*.” Yet to improve by painful steps is not a crime but a virtue, and the daily bread for which we should pray. Our prison is a paradox.



AFTER D'AUBIGNY

JAMES COBOURG HODGINS

What land is this so dusky, strange and still
Where naught, save far-off murmurs, trouble life?
These swooning airs bode of no future strife,
Thus resting they fulfill.

Here is no sunlight; yet a mellow gloom
Broods over field and fell and shimmering mere,
Yon quiet pool that glimmers darkly-clear
Never doth day illumine.

No cricket shrills his slender, crepitant note;
No velvet wing of night-bird beats the calm:
The rose flaunts not its haughty oriflamme;
Muted the songster's throat.

No happy swain sings in the lucent dawn
Earth's ancient love-song full of woe and bliss.
The south wind never prints its burning kiss
These untorn fields upon.

The reeds stand by the river in a dream;
The watery pathways darken evermore;
No river frets against the hostile shore;
No wildfowl splash and scream.

In the dim woods the nymphs of silence sleep
Their listless limbs held fast in poppy-swoon;
In vain may Pan all haunting love-notes croon
In vain bacchantes leap.

Ever they doze in sweet half-consciousness
Of odorous fern. The purpling rims of gloom
Enwall them round with silence of the tomb—
Calm limits of life's stress.

THE PEDDLER

BY JAMES COBOURG HODGINS

When clothed in pallid green the Spring
Comes trudging with his pack,
Handfuls of jewels he doth fling
Aroaring, "What d'ye lack?"

He sweeps the snow-drifts clean away,
Lays bare the red-veined rock,
Warbles a merry roundelay,
And straight begins to talk:

“A prima donna here have I —
The mellow-throated thrush!
First of the season she comes high—
The sprite was hard to flush!

Want jewels? See this topaz torn
From some vast cliff of gneiss!
How the rich colors leap and burn!
Note the cold glint of ice!

In tinctures I’ve the yellow-green
That clothes the willows bare—
But, in these sober days of Lent,
Sad brown’s the proper wear.

Yet, that the world be not too dull,
Here’s orange, purple, pink!
The crocus shall our grief annul—
A nod’s as good’s a wink!

Ho! while I talk a galleon beats
Up from the spicy south.
T’is loaded to the rail with sweets
For every hungry mouth.

There’s satin of the poplar trees;
Red the marsh-maple burns:
There’s veery, phoebe, chickadee;
And russet flags of ferns:—

The oriole shoots past like flame;
The jasmine is in spark;
The purple judas flaunts its shame;
Up soars the meadow-lark.

I see your greedy eyes are caught
By Summer’s rival wares!
Thanks for the trifles ye have bought.
This peddler northward fares.

HARPOCRATES.

By G. L. C. MOORE.

I

Blue night sown thick with pulsing stars, and hung
 With splendor of a red-orbed moon, wide space
 Of drifted sand, and in that desert place
A massy temple, where the moonlight clung
Round carven pillars, shimmering among
 Their serried shadows, and across the face
 Of the great temple, like the sudden grace
Of happy dreams from some deep love-thought sprung.

Within, gloom weft in gloom, deep hid in deep
 Of holy darkness, save for scattered rays
 Of golden lamps like stars in an eclipse:
And, near the portal, silent as in sleep,
 A marble image, gleaming through the haze,
 With hushing finger laid upon its lips.

II

Does the wise symbol of a world antique
 A long-forgotten faith, no lesson hold
 For us to-day, when, waxing overbold,
Too lightly of our sacred things we speak;
When with the zealot's, the enthusiast's shriek
 We shout our psalms as tavern songs are trolled,
 Offering a ready butt whereon the cold
And cavilling sceptic his just scorn may wreak?

Can we not learn from still Harpocrates
 That reverence moves not with assertive tread,
 A babbler, noising holy things abroad;
But silent-sandalled, through secluded ways,
 With downcast eyes, hushed lips and veiled head,
 Attendant on the secret voice of God?



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